

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. 14.

MAY, 1850.

NO. 2.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR IN EUROPE.

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LETTER VIII.

At last we are in France, at the Hotel Quillac, in Calais. Whatever may be said of Calais, you will find in books ; so I shall not give any description of it. Indeed, I would have my young friends remember that I am giving my impressions only, and do not often attempt accurate description. Sometimes, these impressions, of course, will differ from those made on another person ; and often may seem in fact, to them, inaccurate. For instance, in speaking of Ambleside, I called it a village, whereas, as my friend Miss Martineau tells me, it has the dignity of being a post-town, and therefore must not be called a village. But, to me it was a simple village ; for with us Americans, the post-office does not alter the character of the place. Then I said her house was in the village, but she says it is hal

a mile out of the village or town, as she calls it. As there were houses near hers, I thought it all one village. Then I said the Rotha ran *through* Ambleside, but it only runs *by* it; I thought both sides of the river were in the town. This again, was American; we like to take in both sides of a river. One other mistake I made, or rather omission; giving perhaps a mistaken idea. I spoke of the mountains in Westmoreland as being bare of trees, and so I maintain they are on their summits; all that I saw, and I saw most of them. At their bases, and on some of their sides, are woods. Rydal forest is very beautiful, and there are fine woods round Fox Howe, but the brows of these lovely hills are all bare; and to me this is one of their great beauties. You see on them only patches of green grass, or of purple heather, or yellow gorse, mingling with the grey or black rock; producing all together, the most exquisite coloring that you can conceive of. Then the forms of these mountains are so various, some so graceful, others so stern and grotesque and wild, that you would not on any account have all their expression destroyed by one unvarying green. But I should not have left you to suppose that there were no trees in Ambleside. Would you however read a description of this lovely place that will make you feel almost as if you had been there; read Miss Martineau's "Year at Ambleside," published in "Sartain's Magazine." Then you will almost hear the murmuring sound of the Brathay and the Rotha, and breathe the perfume of the wild heather, and catch the freshness of the morning breeze, as she offers these mountain luxuries to you in her glowing words.

Before I quit the subject of trees, I must mention a fact about trees in England, which I might have known, but for which I was not prepared. The trees in the woods are mostly planted. A natural wood is a very uncommon thing; I saw some, but most of them are set out by the hands; and to me they looked like green regiments, no natural grace, no such varied harmony of coloring as we see in our wild woods. In single trees the English outdo us, but they do not know how beautiful a forest can be. Even their magnificent parks have, to my American eyes, a stiff formal grandeur about them, not half so loveable as the dim, tangled, fantastic woods of my native land.

But it is time to return to the Hotel Quillac at Calais. Here we found all the comforts and luxuries of the two countries. Here were nice carpeted floors, and good grates, and an excellent coal fire, as soon as we asked for it, which we soon did; and here also, the admirable French beds, and the excellent table d'hôte, and the smiling, excellent attendant, making you feel as if you conferred a favor when you asked a service.

We were driven into a large square court-yard, when we arrived at the hotel, completely enclosed by the great gate through which we entered, and by the buildings, which went all round it. As we stopped at the door, a very pleasant looking woman came to the coach door, and opened it. "Can you speak English?" I asked — "A *littet*," she answered, and took my hand in a friendly way, and then showed us up to a beautiful room, and when she found we were to pass the night, looked as pleased as if we were old friends. Soon after, when

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I spoke of my son — “Your son, madam?” said she, “I took him for your brother.” “Verily I am in France,” I said to myself. At ten o’clock, the next morning, we found ourselves in a very excellent carriage, on the railroad to Paris. We took seats in a second class car, which was as comfortable a vehicle as one could desire; with cushions on the seats, stuffed at the back, and good windows, and perfectly respectable company. The weather was delicious; every thing we saw was new and strange to us, it was a curious, and very pleasant thought, that we were in France, beautiful France, but to our eyes not so beautiful as England. There was no great variety of scene — small cottages of white stone, now and then, a more considerable house; wide open fields, miserable poplars, locust trees, and few trees of any other kind; not any, or very little wild shrubbery. To me, the villages and towns were the most interesting, so indescribably different from any thing I had ever seen before. The people whom we saw as we flew along, looked comfortable and happy.

Between eight and nine o’clock in the evening, we arrived in the great city of Paris. But Paris and all its anticipated glories were forgotten in the question, — will our friend meet us at the station? Yes, there she was. All now is well with us. With her aid we went comfortably through the hands of the custom house officers; and before ten o’clock, we were seated round a merry tea table, where every face was dear and familiar to us.

No one can form any idea of Paris from a description; and to an American it is all wonderful. He is dazzled, enchanted, and almost stupefied with its overpowering brilliancy. It was rainy the first day we

passed in this magnificent city, which was perhaps fortunate ; it was like a veil where the light is too brilliant. Our friend took us first to the Place Vendôme. I can never forget the impression of wonder and delight, I received from the first view of this truly beautiful place. It is an oblong square, with the corners cut off. Two large handsome streets opposite to each other, the Rue de la Paix, and the Rue Castiglione, open out of the Place ; these alone break the range of handsome buildings that surround this beautiful spot. In the centre is the magnificent column made in imitation of the column of Trajan ; only, according to Galignani, a twelfth larger. This column is surmounted by a bronze statue of Napoleon, in his military dress. At first he was placed there in his imperial robes, but when he fell, so did his statue, and it was melted up to help make an equestrian statue of Henry Fourth. In 1833, the present statue was erected ; and the people are very proud of the little corporal, as they call him, as he stands up there, looking over their glorious city, as if he was born to lead men to conquest, and to govern the world. In the inside of the column is a spiral stair case, by which, with the aid of a lamp, and a small fee to the soldier at the base, who is said to have served under Napoleon, you ascend to the top of the column. You are well paid for the fatigue of mounting these 176 steps, when you get your breath and look down upon Paris glittering in the sunlight ; so bright, so gay. What pleased me most however, when I ascended, which was not till I had been in Paris some weeks, was the scene immediately below us. It was Sunday afternoon ; we had been

in the morning to Notre Dame, to witness the consecration of an Archbishop, of which I must not forget to tell you. All the people are in the streets on Sunday; in Paris it is a true holiday. Whole families leave work, care — all their troubles, and come into the public places to enjoy themselves. There is no swearing, no drunkenness, no rudeness, no noise; the old folks seat themselves in chairs, and the children run about. Some have been to mass, and some have not, but all are in the spirit of enjoyment. Nothing can be more enlivening than the aspect of the French people. You cannot resist their cheerful looks. The appearance of the Place Vendôme was truly enchanting. The buildings that surround it are all of the same beautiful cream colored stone, and the same style of architecture, — a basement story, very pretty and simple, and over that, upper stories, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and gilded balconies. The buildings all have high pointed roofs, with very pretty Lucerne windows in them. On each side of the Place, is a projecting part, crowned with a pediment supported by Corinthian columns; the Place is 420 feet by 450. You are never wearied with admiring the Place Vendôme; but I will not copy the guide book. At the foot of the column you will often see a group of children collected round a man with a large basket of little tin carriages, which are constructed in such a way that they will go with the wind on a smooth place. For some distance round the column, they have put a sort of composition with which they make their public walks, which is as smooth as marble. These little tin carriages run quite well across this wide platform; and if you were not told,



you might imagine that the tin horses carried them. It is a pleasant thing to see the delight of the children, and a lesson in good nature and good manners, to see how carefully all the passers by turn aside, so as not to interrupt the progress of these pretty toys. See how happy that little fellow looks ; his father has purchased one of them for him. But, for hours together, the owner of these carriages will set them running, and amuse the children that are crossing the place, and not lose his patience or good temper, though no one buys. Look up at the beautiful bas reliefs in bronze on this noble column, giving the history of so many fierce battles and so much bloodshed, and at the military hero on the top, and then at these laughing, merry children at the foot, running after the tin carriages that go with the wind. Is it not a strange and moving contrast ? Does it not tell a story that all of us hope may be the story that is to come ; when war shall belong only to history, and when peace shall possess the earth ?

But not yet can we hope for this happy time. Round the pediment of this beautiful column, many of those who served under Bonaparte, or who remember him with affection, hang wreaths and garlands as expressions of their tender remembrance. This is still done, these memorials are ever there. At one time since his downfall, this was forbidden by the government, but to no purpose. At last an officer was stationed at the foot of the column with a water engine, and with orders to play it upon any one who should bring any votive offerings to the fallen hero. A lady, whose love and admiration could not be so intimidated, came the next day in her carriage, which she filled with wreaths

of flowers, and stood up in it and threw one after the other at the foot of the column, crying out as each one fell, — "Will you play your engine upon me?" But not a drop of water was sent at her, and she deposited all her offerings and went away unharmed. I suppose a Frenchman would sooner have been shot than have done anything to quench the enthusiasm of this heroic woman. And now after walking all round the Place Vendome, and enjoying more than I can possibly communicate, let us stroll along through the Rue de la Paix, looking in at the shop windows and observing whatever may meet our notice. Hereabouts, you meet a great many English and Americans, you can tell the ladies from the French ladies, by the way they hold up their clothes when it is at all muddy. An English or American woman, do-what she will, gets herself muddy, but a French woman takes all her petticoats up so high, and in such an adroit manner, and walks so skilfully, so lightly, that out of the dirtiest walking she comes unspotted. True, you see her neatly turned ancles, but her stockings are always nice, and her skirts, which she shows a great deal of, are always handsome, though short. Whenever I saw a lady with her clothes touching the ground and with spattered stockings, I knew her for an American or English woman. The poor women and children always wear wooden shoes in bad walking; and at first the clicking sound they made on the pavements, impressed me very much, reminding me all the time that I was in a foreign land. But even among the poor, I noticed this tidiness about the feet. One thing has struck me much in Paris, and most agreeably, and that is the

appearance of the children. The children of the rich are beautifully dressed, and are accompanied by excellent attendants. The number of beautiful babies you meet in the streets, so exquisitely dressed, has the same effect upon you that the lovely flowers do, that you meet at the corner of every street. This great care of children is not confined to the rich, you will see a very poor woman leading her child, really well dressed. You never see boys idling in the streets; you never hear them swearing and quarrelling. If you ask a boy to show you the way, his manner of doing it would grace a drawing-room. I am told that the French are never severe with their children, that they say the French nature will not bear it; that strong excitement makes their children ill; that the law of love is the only one they will bear; and if what you see in the streets is a true indication, they are the happiest children I have ever seen, and the best cared for.

Stop with me now on our walk, at this little low cart, just by the sidewalk; it is as you see, larger than a common hand cart, and much lower, and on four small wheels; it is full of china, all marked 13 sous. See how pretty these cups and saucers are. After looking at all the pieces, the owner would say — “Bon jour,” very kindly, to you if you took nothing, but we will take this pretty cup and saucer, as a remembrance of his little cart. As we walk along, we shall see many others, containing every thing you can imagine; and all at fair prices. I have bought many things in the streets, combs, sauce pans, clothes brushes, &c. Look into this shop window; see these lovely flowers, and in the midst of them, a small fountain, that is playing all

the time to keep them fresh. Let us go in and look at the flowers. You observe that the person who keeps the shop, has the manners of a lady, she wishes you good morning; and if you do not behave just as you would if you entered a lady's parlor, you are set down as an American or English woman, who does not know how to behave. When you leave the shop also, you must remember to say, 'Bon jour,' or you commit an offence. How kindly the lady who keeps this flower shop, shows us all her flowers; how she seems to love them, as if they were her children. We must get a bouquet to show our gratitude for her kindness, though she would not demand it. We shall, I hope, hereafter pass many hours in the streets of Paris, but now we will return to our *Pension*, as a private boarding-house is called. How different it looks from any thing you see in America. The huge, ugly looking door opens into a court-yard, near it is the room where the *concierge* or porter is stationed; he knows and will tell you very politely, who live in the building, and if they are at home, and in what story or *stage* they can be found. A common stair case of hard dark wood, leads to every apartment.

The rooms in which we live are finished with great taste; some paneled and painted, others also gilded all round. The floors are of hard wood, like all French floors. They have a variety of beautiful patterns by which they finish the nice floors, which they call *parquets*. The wood is cut into all sorts of shapes, and put together like mosaic work, or Tunbridge ware on a large scale; and then it is waxed and kept very bright and nice. The men do this work and much other work



in France, that women only do in our country. If you do not rise early in France, first, your breakfast will be brought to you by a *femme de chambre*; and soon after, you will see a six footer dancing into your room, with a brush on one foot and a cloth on the other, to polish your floor; he just knocks to warn you, and then he comes, before you know what you are about. Carpets are little known; they have little bits about the room, and footstools and stoves for those who are cold, or in delicate health.

But farewell for the present; we will take some more walks in Paris.

E. L. F.

[Among the papers left by the Editor of this work in the hands of her temporary substitute, she finds the following verses, marked "For May-day, 1850," and in deference to the judgment of the Editor and the voice of the friend, reprints the fugitive lines, which, written for a social meeting ten years ago, had fallen out of her notice and remembrance, and which, if they need an apology for coming into print, have the best one in the indicating hand of the Editor of the Child's Friend.]

### THE FLOWER GIRL'S SONG.

"Come, take your flowers;  
Methinks I play, as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun' pastorals." WINTER'S TALE.

COME Graybeard, come Youth, and fair Maiden,  
Young and old, hither come at my call!  
With flowers my basket is laden,  
And in it I've flowers for all.

Yes! For all of you!  
For all, — all of you.

Here 's Rosemary ; fragrant and sweet  
It lasts through the long winter's cold ;  
And the green Holly with it shall meet,  
A garland to form for the old.

Aged ! These are for you !  
These, — these are for you.

Here is Myrtle enough for the lover ;  
Heart's-ease too, should his lady-love frown ;  
And he who aspires, may discover  
Bright Laurels to weave him a crown.

Youths ! These are for you !  
These are for you, — for you.

Here are Violets, — their hue is of heaven ;  
Here are Lilies, pure as the snow ;  
Roses, fresh as the breath of even ;  
A wreath for the maiden's brow.

Yes ! These are for you !  
Maidens ! These are for you.

Here 's the Snowdrop, first pledge of the Spring ;  
Mountain Daisies, and Primroses pale ;  
And, sweetest of all that I bring,  
Here 's the Lily of the Vale.

Children, pure and true !  
These, — these are for you.

The spirit that breathes in the Rose  
Outliveth its early decay ;  
On the Amaranth flower there glows  
A beauty that fades not away.

Then these are for all of you !  
For all, — all of you.

## CHARLEY'S MAGIC.

A PALE little boy was daily to be seen at a certain window watching for his brother's return from school. Waving locks of soft brown hair hung on each side of his large white forehead and colorless cheeks, and lay upon his shoulders. Many a stranger passing by paused to gaze at his earnest countenance, though it was not uncommonly beautiful. They were touched by its sweet and patient expression. It told a story of suffering past and to come.

"Why, is not Harley coming yet? I wish I could be with him in the school-room. Then the time would not be so very, very long."

Poor little Clarence was eleven years old, yet he had never seen the inside of a school-room. He never had played upon the green common, in view from the window, nor driven hoop upon the smooth sidewalk. He could only sit at his window, propped up with cushions, to watch the healthy school-boys at their play. Two or three among them nodded whenever they came by; even when chasing each other, or pursuing a ball, they did not fail to give Clarence a smile in passing. His brother was very fond of him too.

"Where can Harley be?" murmured Clarence, when all the school-boys had gone home to dinner. "Perhaps he has gone to the pastry-cook's, to get a plum-cake for me. Or he may bring a tart. I should like that much better. Or a cream-cake! Would it not be nice! I wish the smell of beef steak would not

come up from the kitchen. I hate it. So I do all mother's dinners."

Tired of gazing into the now vacant street, Clarence pulled open the drawer of his wheel-chair. In it was a curious assortment of bitten fruits, and nibbled sweeties. He tasted a bit of candy but did not appear to relish it much. Then he put a crumb of cake to his lips, but could not make up his mind to open his mouth to receive it.

At the sound of swift footsteps, he raised his head to look into the street.

"I knew it was Harley. There is not a boy who can beat him at running. Here he comes, with his satchel over his beautiful straight shoulders. No wonder people think he is half-a-dozen years older than I, he is so tall and upright. Dear, handsome Harley! How happy I should be if I were he, or like him!"

But Harley came in looking very woe-begone.

"Are you in pain, Hal?" asked the invalid, tenderly.

Hal said "No," and came to sit down on the side of the rolling chair. Clarence slipped his arm round his neck.

"I feel as though I could bite, though."

"Why?"

"To think what a fool I was to ask leave to join the Philosophy class."

"If I could study, I would learn everything in the world. I'd be at it from morning to night."

"O, no, you would not, Clarry. You only think so. You are brighter than I, I have no doubt, but——"

"O, no, indeed. Only people wonder that I know anything at all. So they call me bright."



"I suppose even you could not remember what you could not understand. I cannot. Who can?"

"Charley's parrot."

"Ha, ha! When we recite the master explains the lesson, first rate. Then I get it over again. I have had to do that every day since I began, and I wish the book was in the Red Sea, with all the other provoking things I have sent there. Shall I help you down to dinner?"

"No, indeed."

"But, Clarence ——"

"Charles says the cook has made him a nice turnover, and that he will bring it to me, by and by."

"Oh!"

"I hope it will prove to be mince, and not apple. Don't you?"

"Yes, if you like it better. When I am a man, (I wish the time had come!) you shall have just what you want. I will provide for you, — *that* I will. Just what you like best, you shall always have."

"Then you must study, Hal. I know that with a good education you can earn enough for both of us."

"O yes! Easily."

"I shall never earn my own living," said the sick boy, sadly. "I have no hope of getting well now. All the money spent for me is wasted, for I grow worse upon every new medicine. It makes me cry that father and mother should so pinch themselves, on my account."

"O, psho! they love to — Should not you?"

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rare steak? No? The smell of it makes my mouth water. I am tremendously hungry."

"I do not love it," said Clarence—"I could not even look at it."

Down ran Harley to his dinner. But before he had tasted a morsel, he scampered up stairs again, bringing a saucer full of rice.

"There is nothing better for you, the doctor said,"—began Harley.

"I could not eat plain boiled rice to-day, if he should go on his knees to me," said Clarence. "And see, it is all covered with nutmeg. Everybody forgets I am tired of nutmeg. And I told mother only a day or two ago, that I liked sweet sauce better than sugar. Stop—let me take those large lumps, and then you may take the dish away."

"Perhaps you will pick a little of the rice too," said Harley. "Here is the spoon." And flinging it by the side of the saucer, he ran with hungry speed to his beef steak.

Clarence pushed the saucer from him as far as he could reach without rising. Then he touched a spring which lowered the back of his chair, and reclined upon his cushions, looking up to the ceiling.

"Though I should never see this room again till I were ninety years old, I should remember every crack in this plastering," thought he. That in the corner, looking so like a face, I can see just as well with my eyes shut."

Pretty soon a light tap upon the window made him raise his head. A pair of roguish blue eyes were looking in upon him, the eyes of Charles Bentley, a youth a



year or two older than Harley. Charles nodded in answer to the little white hand, beckoning, and presently appeared at the door. After one glance at Clarence's expecting eyes, and another at the untouched rice, he drew in his under lip, and held up both his empty hands.

"Have you eaten my pie all up?" cried Clarence, shaking his finger at him.

"Not so bad as that. I only forgot to bring it. Where's Hal?"

"Here!" cried a voice in the entry, and Harley entered, munching a huge slice of bread and butter as a dessert.

"Do not come near *me*," cried Clarence. "I do not like to hear you champ, champing, close in my ear. Keep away, do."

"Come, Carlo, let us go out of doors," said Harley, politely tearing off half his slice, which his visitor readily accepted. The two lads sat down upon the door-step, socially munching and chatting.

"I say, Harley, have you got as far as Optics?"

"Optics?"

"Yes, optics, Fie! don't know what optics is!"

"Optics *are*. That is better grammar, Mr. Wiseacre."

"It is *not*, Mr. Snapshot."

"It is."

"It is not, I am certain."

"You are an ignoramus, then."

"Excuse me — you are another."

"Agreed, for I am sure I do not know what you mean by *hop-ticks*. If it is in Philosophy, I shall not

know. I am going to back out of the class, right off. When I was taken into it I *was* taken in, in fact."

"What — do you learn nothing from it? Do study till you find out what *optics* is, my little fellow."

"Little? I am taller than you, my precious child."

"So tall, and so ignorant!"

"Do not boast; a year since, you knew as little."

"But you are going to back out, like a lazy loon, and never come to — *Optics*."

"What is optics?"

"*Optics is the science of* — No, I do not choose to recite. It is not my turn, master. And it is not the place where I got."

"Where's my ferula?" said Harley, in a big voice.

"Here, Hal, run down and ask Sally, our cook, for my pie, for Clarence. If you will, I will show you something beautiful. I will, certainly. You need not look so wise, I am not hoaxing. I shall show it to Clarence — I came on purpose. You may come and look, or stay away."

"Did you know, Carlo, the Light Infantry is to be out on the common this afternoon?"

"Yes, I shall invite them into the parlor, to go through some of their movements for Clarry's amusement. They shall come in at the window, and I hope they will fire while there; — I rather think they will oblige me."

"O, what a bouncer!" cried Hal, running off. "You will have a sore tongue after this, if you do not mind."

Harley was detained for some time. When he returned, he was astonished to find the parlor perfectly dark. In his surprise, he stumbled forward over a

cricket, fell down, and plunged his thumb into the heart of the turn-over he was carrying.

"Clumsy chap!" cried Charles. "Can you see to pick yourself up, now?" As he spoke, he took away his finger from a small circular opening, behind which he had fixed one eye of a broken pair of spectacles.

"Peep! I see you, licking your thumb. Come along."

"I shall break my neck. I cannot see."

"I can," said Clarence; "I do not think my pie looks very inviting, with the top all broken in."

"It does not *look* at all, as I see. There is nothing visible but a hole in the shutter, staring like an owl's eye."

"Presently you will see as well as Clarence and my learned self. When you were out in the sun, the pupil of your eye contracted —"

"Grew smaller, you know, Clarry —"

"To be sure, I know, Harley."

"But now you are in the dark, it will soon spread itself out, to catch every ray it can find. Here endeth my first lecture. 25 cents for the next; children half price."

"I can see better already," said Harley, slowly approaching.

"Both of you, look at this sheet of white paper, which I shall hold before the owl's eye, as you call it."

On the paper appeared, as if by magic, a picture of the street, and the common, in soft and beautiful colors. Here the boys stood in the dark, and shut in from the world without. Yet they were looking at the blue sky, with its sunny white clouds, the green grass, and trees,

the white paling and gate of the mall, the red brick store at the corner, with its gilded sign — even the old pump was there in its place, with its long nose and awkward arm.

"Well, what do you think? am not I a magician?" asked Charles. "No answer? You are all eyes, and no ears." As he spoke, a chaise came in view, with prancing horse and glittering wheels. It passed rapidly over the paper, and disappeared like a vision.

"Oh! was not that pretty? Only gone too soon. Cannot you find your tongues yet? Never did I see two people more amazed."

"And well I may be," said Harley. "See the green leaves, quivering in the breeze."

"Yes, and the tall grass is bending and waving like real grass," said Clarence. "But that is nothing to the horse's nimble feet. They were here — they are gone."

"I wish somebody else would go by. O, — here is the old fruit woman, with her barrow," said Charles.

"O ho! She knows there is to be a training on the common. She is setting up her bench by the gate. See the cakes."

"And the apples! See her look up at our window. I suppose she wonders to see it all shut up, and a black shawl stuffed in to stop the cracks."

"She little knows we can see her, all the while," said Clarence.

"Aha! Mrs. Bunn, we are peeping at you!"

"Did I not tell you, Harley, you should see something beautiful?"

"Meaning Mrs. Bunn," said Hal, with a roar which made Clarence put his hands to his ears.



"Sorry —" said Harley, "I will not shout so loud again."

"Here comes what will make a louder noise," said Charles. "I hear drums."

"Look out at the end window — see if they are up by the armory," said Harley.

"Keep your eye on the paper, meanwhile."

No sooner was a shutter opened, than the picture faded away like a dream. When all light was shut out again, except from the little aperture, the landscape reappeared. Harley and Clarence wondered exceedingly how it could make its entrance at so small an opening.

"A pinhole would let it in," said Charles. — "Rays of light do not require much elbow room. It is the rays of light which bring in the picture. They are my fairy painters — my genii. They do not mind me very well, though. They will steal in here and there, about the room, without leave. So I have to let in more of them here, using a lens, the spectacle glass, you saw, to put them in order."

"Well, I will study *optics*," said Harley, "if it will tell me more about this."

"It will tell you that the rays go in at a little hole in your eye, and make a picture within, for your soul to look at," said Charles.

"I have looked at eyes, — say yours or Hal's, — many a time, wondering why they could see, and how they did it. Now I know why we cannot see without light, too," said Clarence. Then he lay down upon his cushions to rest awhile, and the two boys at the window forbore to speak, whatever might pass before them, lest they should excite his curiosity.

He rose to see the military show, which made a very lively scene on the paper. The dancing plumes, and the waving standard, the rows of marching feet, and the little boys following in the rear, amused them a long while. Then the firing began. They saw upon the paper the bright flash from the muzzles of the guns, then the curling white smoke, and the effect was so beautiful that they shouted with delight. Then the company marched out at the gate, and down the street, the little boys tagging after, in ludicrous imitation, some with tin guns, some with sticks. Goody Bunn packed up, and packed off, and the street was clear. Then Charles began to pull open the shutter.

"O, not yet," begged Clarence — "let me have five minutes more, dearest Charles."

Only one figure passed during that time. He was greeted with a shout of laughter.

"Phil Hagan — look up!" cried Clarence, forgetting that they were invisible to him. He was a funny little sprite, that Phil, and the subject of much boyish wit, and waggery. He strutted along, pounding himself with his clenched fists, and trying to imitate with his high piping tones, the sound of the bass drum. "Boong a ding a ding ding, boong a ding a ding: boong a ding, boong a ding, boong, boong, boong!"

"Let us call him in," cried Harley.

"First bring me your father's hat and cloak, in all haste."

"Yes, and give him the yardstick — a conjuror must have a wand," cried Clarence, as Charles put a cricket in a chair to stand on, and opened a crack in the shutter.

Phil bowed profoundly as he entered. He kept at a respectful distance from the yardstick, though Harley assured him of his protection.

"Don't ye play me no tricks, now: I say! Come, I won't stand it. The boys are forever a plaguing of me. I an't a going to bear it. The' an't no picture — ye told me lies — just to get me in here."

"You'll believe Clarence, surely."

"Come, sit here with me," said Clarence. "There's half my pie, you may have."

Such a proof of good will was enough for Phil. The conjuror waved his wand — the shutter was closed, and the magic picture suddenly appeared. Phil looked at it very coolly.

"Come. Now let's have our house in. Can't ye? See what Sir'll say to that. And fetch in our old pig, pen and all. Will ye?"

"Can't," growled the conjuror. "We can't have pigs here. And the house is not clean. I bring nothing unclean into this parlor."

"Fetch me in the meetin 'ouse."

"It is too heavy."

"What *will* ye?"

"Look and see." Wheels were heard, and even the conjuror himself came to look.

Then up came Phil's little fist, knocking off the conjuror's hat, and very nearly taking off his nose likewise. Charles stood revealed crimson with passion. Harley caught the yardstick, which was ready to lay a hearty thwack upon Phil's pate. "Psho! You would not strike a little fellow like him," said he. "Run, run, Master Hagan."

Phil ducked under the uplifted arm, and darted into the entry, where he stood grinning and making faces, with one bare foot advanced in readiness for further flight.

"I wish you would mind your own affairs," cried Charles, looking at Harley with eyes flashing with anger.

"Strike me; — you're welcome, if it will make your nose feel any better," said Harley, biting his lips to keep from laughing.

"Well, it would have stirred *your* temper, I know, Hal, to have had such an outrageous thump in the face."

"I did not go to do it," said Phil. "Your nose was too long, that's all the reason I hit it, I swan."

"You need not expect any thanks for driving it in," cried Charles, and his good humor returning at the general laugh which answered his sally, he bade Phil come in, and not be afraid.

"Don't want to, thank'e — Iv'e seed all you can do, and no great things 'nother, I swan."

"Do try not to say *I swan*," said Clarence.

"Fuss! I an't a gentleman's son."

"But it sounds too much like *I swear*."

"Well, I don't mean it for that."

"What do you mean it for?"

"Nothin'."

"Then it is of no use saying it, and I would not, if I were you, really."

"I'll try not to," said Phil, soberly, and looking earnestly at Clarence. In the dim light, the white and lovely face of the boy looked to him like that of an angel.



A heavy tread behind him, and a hand upon his head, made Phil spring aside with a slight scream, and Clarence's physician entered the parlor. His little patient was eager to show him Charley's magic. Phil was sent out to cut capers before the window.

More whimsical antics never were seen. Phil's limbs seemed to be trying to tie themselves into bow-knots. Now he was upon his head, now upon his hands; whirling, rolling, tumbling, kicking. He ended his performances by a leap into the air. Coming down upright and firm upon his feet, he marched off home, drumming on his cap, and shouting "Boong a ding a ding ding, boong a ding a ding; boong a ding, boong a ding boong, boong, boong!"

"Ah, Clarence," said the doctor, "what reward would your father deny to me, could I give you half the vigor that little urchin has!"

"He is just like a steel spring," said Charles.

"He leaped his full height from the ground," said Harley. "I could not do it."

"Why is he so strong, with such a slender frame?" asked the doctor.

"There must be some strange virtue in rags and hoe-cake," said Charles, laughing.

"Simple food and light clothing are among his advantages certainly," said the doctor.

"He seemed quite willing, however, to share Clarry's pie," said Hal, laughing, "I hope it will not hurt him!"

"O, I'll warrant him the digestion of an ostrich, with such an amount of exercise as he takes," said the physician, and as he spoke, he looked to see if Clarence was attending to his remark. "Open the shutters,

my lads." Clarence turned his face to the wall. He was weary of hearing about exercise and diet. "

"Why is a blacksmith's arm stronger than mine?" asked the doctor.

"Why, his hammering and pounding ——"

"Strengthens the muscles. Exactly so. If I should lash my arm to my side, and keep it still, I should lose the use of it in time."

Clarence sighed. He felt that he was daily losing strength, and growing less and less able to exert himself. He thought he must finally become entirely helpless and bedridden. His spine had been injured by an accident when he was but two or three years old, and he had been gradually declining from that time.

"I wish you knew," said he to the kind physician, "I wish you could be in my place, one day. You would not be so cruel as to wish me to walk, or to sit up; you would know there was no hope of my getting stronger. Torment me no more. — I have tried to obey you — I have striven to please my mother — I have used the last of my strength. Let me lie here and die. That is all that is left for me to do."

"No, my dear boy; a greater effort than you have yet made, is to be required of you."

Harley rose up indignantly. Charles, with eyes swimming in tears, caught his hat, to go away.

"Nay, boys, I am Clarence's best friend. No one else has the courage to propose to him the only course which, in my opinion, will raise him."

"Anything new, Sir? Does father approve?" cried Harley, much agitated.

"Nothing *new* — no quackery — no doses, nor painful experiments or applications."

Clarence raised his head, and slid his hand into his brother's.

"You see that he eats no food, but such sweet or rich things as would, without fail, make a healthy child ill. You see that he gains no strength by his irregular exercise. I wish to take him from home, and place him where he will have judicious care, exercises for the express purpose of strengthening the muscles of the back, and sufficient and appropriate rest."

"He is not able to leave home," said Charles — "He is too weak to bear it."

"He is too weak," argued the doctor, "to bear such exercise as he has here — now an exhausting effort, now none at all for a whole day."

Clarence burst into tears.

"No one shall urge you," whispered Harley. "You shall not be tormented, no — I don't love the doctor, I don't."

Clarence wiped his eyes, and holding out his thin hand to the doctor, he smiled and said, "I will do as my father and mother wish. I thank you for all your kind thoughts for me; and if I never should come home —" Here a fresh burst of tears, seconded by sobs from Harley, broke off his words.

The doctor cleared his voice, and blew his nose violently.

"Have good courage, my sweet little fellow, and I trust to see you a man yet, aye, and a great scholar, to boot."

"You *trust* so, truly?" cried Charles, springing up,

and almost embracing the good prophet. Clarence's tears stopped.

"Yes, why not? When he recovers his appetite,— can be hungry for beef and rice,— he shall have his books again."

Clarence looked up with eyes radiant with hope.

Six months afterwards, the first letter Clarence ever wrote came through the post-office to Harley. There was great boasting therein of inches in height, and pounds in weight, newly acquired; also of an appetite before which whole stacks of rice melted away like snow before the sun. A\*\*\*\*.

#### HYMN.

God gave the Wren a pleasant place  
Within the darkling wood,  
Where he might sit and sing to Him  
Who fills the solitude.

God gave the little Violet  
In chosen spots to dwell,  
Whence its faint breathings might go up  
And please its Maker well.

God gave the Moon a lofty place,  
Yet made her mild and sweet,  
As she, o'er troubled earth and sea,  
Wanders with still, white feet.

Thanks! that a bird should teach us praise, —  
A flower should teach us prayer, —  
That we should learn from mortal skies  
To hallow mortal care.



## DEAF MUTES, OR, THE ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE BOOK OF YOUTH,  
BY MADAME EUGENIE FOA.

## I.

"The Charton quays at Bordeaux were resounding with reiterated shouts of Barsac,' 'Praignac,' 'Laugon, and the other names, in succession, of the pleasant communes which lie green and flowery along both banks of the Garonne. Among the boatmen who were filling the air with these cries, a noisy, gay and dressy crowd was pressing, and as if the waters of the Garonne had wished to respond to the concert of sounds on land, an innumerable collection of empty boats was rocking on their blue waves, jostling together, and impatient, as it were, to break away from the ropes which confined them to their moorings. Among all this confusion of countless voices, of these innumerable differing sounds, including even the murmur of the stream, which seemed happy to retire from the city and go and mingle with the sea, summer fragrance was perceptible; one divined that Autumn, the season so rich in flowers and fruits, was drawing to its close, and that, people were eager to enjoy the last fine days it promised. In fact, it was the morning of the last Sunday of October, in the year 1784, and Bordeaux was emigrating into the country, to gather the last clusters still hanging on the vines and conclude the vintage. Soon all the boats are filled, unfastened and tracking the river.

But at this moment, a person of mature age, in the grave and austere garb of a priest, his broad benevolent brow shaded with gray hair, which adorned a friendly pleasing countenance, advanced towards the harbor. He is followed by a youth, almost indeed, a child, for though his tall stature denotes a man, his fragile form, delicate features and fair silken hair, falling in graceful curls over his shoulders, all belong still to childhood. These two persons walk arm in arm, and upon contemplating them one thing is observable; the old man amid his wrinkles possesses all the joyous serenity of youth, while a veil of sadness and melancholy seems to cast a leaden hue, and almost to wrinkle the fair fresh countenance of the young man. Neither of them speak, and yet their animated gestures with each other and the expressive looks which they interchange, all indicate a conversation not the less interesting for being dumb.

'Monsieur Abbé, will you cross the river in my boat?' said a boatman, respectfully doffing to the priest's coat his large straw hat, yellowed by the sun; 'the tide serves, we must hasten.'

'My friend,' mildly replied the abbé, as he returned the boatman's salutation, 'Is there not a castle in your neighborhood, called St. Ange?'

'To be sure, M. Abbé, and by token, I live there; answered the old mariner.

'Is it far from here?' demanded the abbé.

'Heading the wind, as we must now, we can get there in a short time,' replied the boatman.

The young companion of the abbé took no part in the conversation, except with his eyes, which were

anxiously fastened upon those of his friend; they interchanged some signs, and both of them then proceeded towards a boat, into which the boatman jumped first; the abbé and his pupil followed, and seated themselves on a plank at the side which served for a bench. The boatman then unfastened it from the mooring, placed himself at the helm, hoisted the sail, and the wind filling the canvass, the bark glided along the water with joyous speed.

If you have ever lived in the South of France, you must know that the people are good and communicative, and very curious withal; at the same time that they tell you all their concerns, the names of their wives, the number of their children and the amount of their income, they inquire into all your affairs; what they do for themselves they practice religiously towards others, only with this difference, that while they tell about themselves what they know to be true, in regard to others, they relate current rumor, passing it like coin, for just what it is worth, and always religiously adding these words, 'take it as it came to me.'

Therefore, while they were yet in sight of the semicircle of white houses which forms the port of Bordeaux, the boatman thus began; —

'You are the first visitors I ever carried to the castle.'

'Does the Count de Solar admit no one?' inquired the abbé.

'Why now, M. Abbé,' said the boatman, while steering his boat and turning the rudder sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other, according as he had to pass among the vessels which obstructed the stream, 'saving your reverence, just so true as my name is

Pierrille, I don't like new proprietors. I am nothing but a peasant, an uneducated man, but I say to myself, that when a person has nothing to reproach himself with, he remains in his country; and if the Count de Solar had no sin on his conscience, why did he quit Toulouse, his country? In short, with your leave, according to what the Countess' waiting woman has told me, Toulouse is a beautiful city. — Blessed Jesus, that is a woman whom the good God has sorely afflicted.

'The Countess' waiting woman?' demanded the abbe.

'With your leave, M. Abbe, I speak of the Countess herself, and I say this, not because she is rich, still less because she is good, and beautiful and generous; Oh no! — but imagine to yourself, M. Abbe, if I may make bold so to speak to one of your cloth which I so highly respect, only conceive, I say, that in the ten years during which the Countess has inhabited the castle, no mortal has heard her speak a word, not one word — even the sound of her voice is unknown. Some say that she is under a vow — a terrible vow it must be; others say — but those no doubt are calumnious tongues — that she is dumb — a woman dumb! for the Countess is a woman — as if it were possible, conceivable even!'

'Dumb!' cried the abbé after a moment of emotion, and as if in his emotion he had lost the power of speech. 'Dumb! oh heavens! Can I be on the track? but go on, my friend, this lady you say, is dumb?'

So, it is said, M. Abbé,' replied the boatman, 'but I confess that I can hardly believe it, for you see, I was not born yesterday — with your leave, come All



Saints Day, I shall be seventy-five years of age. I have had a mother, three aunts, four sisters, a number of female cousins, and five daughters, my own and my wife's, without counting the women who have been my neighbors; these seventy-three years I have sailed on the Bordeaux river, I have been going and coming and have transported in my boat, with your leave, both men and women ---- well! in all the days of my life I never saw a woman who kept her tongue still for five minutes; some indeed, they say, talk in their sleep. For all this, you will tell me, M. Abbé, that if the thing be, it is possible; for myself, I am only a rough brute, a peasant, a sailor, in short, an uneducated man, but certain it is, whatever be the motive, whether this cause or that cause, the Count de Solar wishes for no company; he is always sad and gloomy, always shut up in his room or walking apart by himself, in short, seeming alive only when his son, viscount Julius is in his presence! A sweet child, upon my soul, is little Julius!

'A child? has he a child?' cried the abbé, almost with an air of disappointment. 'And can this child speak?' he enquired after reflecting.

'To a charm, M. Abbé, he is a real little mill-clack,' answered the old sailor, 'and such sense, such sense! Oh he knows a deal, with your leave, M. Abbé, no one can get the upper hand of him, as we say, but must look out instead for himself. And with all this, he is very young, only in his thirteenth or fourteenth year.'

'And is the cause of Count de Solar's melancholy known?' inquired the Abbé, in whose beautiful and noble countenance it was evident that a mere indiscreet curiosity did not prompt his questions.

‘Humph! M. Abbé,’ answered Pierrille, leaving his boat to the pleasure of the current, ‘you will say to me as our curate does in his Sunday exhortations, that reports are not to be listened to, the *they says*; that he who speaks evil concerning his neighbor, knows not what is thought about himself—that we can see a straw in another’s eye, while we do not see a beam in our own—this is true perhaps; and yet as my late grandfather used to say, there is no smoke without a fire.’

‘In short’—said the abbé, not without some impatience. ‘Well! M. Abbé, some people do say that the Count de Solar has a heavy sin on his conscience.’

‘Of what sort?’ demanded the abbé, in a voice choked by emotion, and coming close to the boatman.

The latter lowered his voice, and with a reserved important air said :

‘It is ---- Oh Heavens ---- it is of a very serious ----’

As he followed the direction of the look with which the boatman had accompanied these last words, the Abbe saw his young travelling companion standing at the prow of the boat, his head leaning over the water, his body agitated by a convulsive trembling, his arms stretched out, his face in a kindling glow, and uttering a hoarse wild cry which partook of no language. The Abbe rose to go to him, but before he could reach him, the youth with an effort of desperation had leaped into the water.

Reckless of his age, of his health, and even of his life, for the Garonne has a current which is fatal to many swimmers, the abbé was on the point of following his companion, had not the boatman withheld him, saying :

‘Do not be mad, M. Abbé, does the youth know how to swim?’

‘Like a fish,’ replied the Abbe, a little comforted, having just perceived a few fathoms ahead, the fair-haired head of his pupil above the water, but at the same instant he saw it disappear, and throwing himself down on his knees in the bottom of the boat, he uttered a cry of horror.

‘My God! My God!’ he exclaimed in an accent of inexpressible anguish; ‘Thou who so miraculously gavest him to me when an infant, take him not yet away from me; — in mercy accept my life instead!’

‘Courage! M. Abbé,’ said the boatman, his eyes fixed on the river, while busying himself with furling the sail — ‘here he is come up again; oh he will save him, let us go, he will save him!’

‘Save whom?’ asked the abbé, ‘is any one besides my Joseph, in danger?’

‘Did you then suppose that the lad had thrown himself into the water only to frighten us?’ said the boatman, having now fastened his furled sail, and again taking hold of the handle of the rudder, which he turned in such a manner as to follow close upon all the movements of the swimmer.

‘You were not looking that way, M. Abbé; you did not see the affair for your back was turned, but while

talking I kept my eye fixed on a little sail boat skimming before us, which manœuvred in a way that surprised me, though with your leave, M. Abbé, you are probably no more of a sailor than the child who guided that sail boat; for that it was a child I plainly saw, and you would not understand my sea terms. Never mind however, I foresaw what would happen, and at the very first whiff of wind the boat capsized. Well! then it was, that your Joseph, as you call him, plunged in — at the moment that he was swallowed up in the sail, the boat was rolling over and over like a foot-ball — but the young man keeps a long while under the water — can it be that he has not found him?’

‘My God! my poor child,’ exclaimed the abbé, paler than death, his soul fixed in his eyes, and suspended as it seemed, over the water.

‘It overset so topsy turvy,’ concluded the boatman, stripping off his jacket and making a movement as if he were going to leap into the water, but he was prevented by a cry from the abbé.

‘There he is! God be praised! there he is, holding up the other one; quick friend boatman, let us go to them.’ In his haste the abbé wanted to seize an oar.

‘Touch it not,’ cried the boatman eagerly, ‘it does not know you, you will hinder instead of helping me. Let alone, I must manage, I know my business.’

In fact, with two strokes of the oar the boatman came up with Joseph. ‘Give me your hand, said he to him, but either Joseph did not hear, or he had swallowed so much water that he was stupefied; for had not the boatman caught hold of him by the clothes



with supernatural strength, both he and the other one whom he carried, would have sunk again to the bottom of the river. Aided by the abbé, who at sight of his pupil had recovered his presence of mind and courage, he drew both of them out of the water and laid them in the bottom of the boat. They still breathed, though their eyes remained closed.

'Bless me! it is little Solar,' said the boatman, as he opened the dress of one of the youths to give him air, while the abbé did the same by his pupil.

'Solar, do you say? Can it be Count de Solar's son?' cried the Abbé, recovering his own animation as the color returned to Joseph's face.

'The very Count de Solar's who inhabits castle St. Ange,' replied the boatman. 'Look at the pretty boy, M. Abbé, he is opening his eyes.'

'Oh my God! Thanks, thanks,' said the abbé, with holy wonder. 'Unsearchable are thy decrees and infinite thy bounty!—Hasten, boatman, hasten, they are recovering their senses, quick, quick, to the castle, lest they should take cold.'

At this moment the two young people, as if life, motion and feeling had returned to both of them at once, lifted their heads, still heavy from the peril which they had just escaped; their eyes sought each other. Little Solar first cried—

'Rescued! Oh my God, my poor mother would have died!'

'Right, young man,' said the Abbé, 'the first thought should be for God, the second for your mother, and the third for your deliverer.' With this last word, the abbé showed to little Solar, Joseph, stretched out by his side.

‘What! do I owe my life to you?’ said young Solar, throwing himself into Joseph’s arms. The youths embraced one another closely for some time, young Solar then added, with the enthusiasm of a young and grateful heart, ‘Oh thanks to you, especially for my mother’s sake, because my death would have occasioned hers; how good you were, to come to my assistance, how much I love you! Oh could you but know what I suffered in that short moment, short and yet so very long — when I saw the boat turn and swamp, and felt the water passing over my head, and stunning and stifling me! Oh how mamma will bless you, how my father will love you, and how I — my name is Julius — what is yours? But you do not answer me,’ resumed the engaging child, in a mortified tone, unable to conjecture the meaning of the mournful, though expressive silence, which his deliverer preserved towards him; — ‘will you not then love me?’

‘Sweet child, be tranquil, my Joseph will love you,’ said the abbé, whose venerable face was bathed in tears.

‘But why does not he answer me himself?’ asked Julius in a grieved tone.

‘Alas! my dear child,’ said the abbé, ‘because he does not hear you, because he has been deaf and dumb from his birth.’

‘Like my mother!’ cried Julius.

‘Is your mother deaf and dumb?’ exclaimed the abbé, almost wildly — ‘deaf and dumb? Oh Providence! Oh Providence! Quick, boatman, quick; ply your oars, my friend! I touch the goal of my searchings, my sufferings, my toils.’

‘Yes, boatman’ — said Julius, also turning towards

him. 'Yes, let us hasten, I am impatient to present my deliverer to my father and mother.' But soon he checked himself and cried, 'Oh no, no, that cannot be!'

'What cannot be? Explain your words,' said the abbé.

'Oh M. Abbé, said Julius with clasped hands, 'you do not know that before I was born, my mother had another son, and that child was deaf and dumb. He is dead, and my mother is inconsolable on account of the loss of him. She is very delicate and very nervous, the least emotion makes her ill; depend upon it, if a young deaf mute were suddenly to appear before her and remind her of my brother, it would kill her. Let me prepare her gradually for the infirmity of my dear deliverer.'

'I approve of these precautions,' answered the abbé, unable to control the deep sensibility which had been excited in him by the lovely prattle of the child. Then turning to his pupil, with his hand and fingers, each movement of which Joseph's eyes anxiously followed, he made a species of signs; Joseph was immediately seen to burst into tears, drop down on his knees, and lift up his hands to heaven, as in gratitude for some un hoped for happiness; then all in tears he took Julius in his arms, and clasped him to his bosom in a transport of unbounded joy.

'What means this?' demanded Julius of the abbé.

'You shall know ere long, my dear child,' answered the abbé. 'In the meanwhile, as I cannot conduct my young pupil to your home, tell me of some place where I may devote that care to him which his health requires.'

‘Plague on it! M. Abbé,’ said the boatman, ‘I am not rich, but that shall not prevent this young gentleman from finding at my house good soup and a right warm bed. Come on, I live in that little white house on your right.’

‘We cannot say no to you, worthy man,’ replied the abbé.

By this time they were in front of the boatman’s house—before entering it he saluted his wife with a ‘halloo’—a fine large peasant woman joyfully ran out to meet the voice she knew so well.

‘You have arrived in time, Pierrille,’ said she, in the Gascon patois, ‘the soup has been ready for an hour.’

‘Cadichone,’ said the boatman, ‘this young gentleman has had a fall into the water. Let them come into our house, kindle a large fire with vine twigs, take the sheets off of the bed and put on white ones; warm them well with the warming pan and let him go to bed, and give him my share of the soup. Plague on it, gentlemen, with your leave, I can do no more for you.’

‘We ask no more,’ said the abbé, continuing his signs to his pupil, whom he assisted to disembark on the land, and placed in the hands of the stout peasant woman, accompanying his deposit with several six-livre crowns. He then re-entered the boat, which withdrew from the bank a second time, in order to unload a little farther off, in front of an old castle, at the foot of whose turrets the murmuring waters of the Garonne dashed their foaming waves.

L. O.

[Concluded next month.]



## NURSERY RHYMES.

## THE DUCK.

[See Frontispiece.]

"Oh brother come and look!  
Behold my little treasure."

At Anne's request John left his book,  
To give his sister pleasure.

"And Becky, come and look!  
And leave that dusty room."

Becky indulged the pet, but took  
In her hand the well-worn broom.

"Now softly, softly John; —  
Don't frighten it, I pray."

The little duck went swimming on,  
And was not scared away.

"It is an only one; —  
And, John, it has no mother,  
No sister by its side to run,  
No father and no brother.

From the six eggs so white  
That biddy sat upon,  
No little ducks have seen the light,  
Except this darling one.

And this is Annie's own; —  
How kind then I must be  
To the little duck that's all alone,  
And has no friend but me."

So Annie prattled on,  
About her little pet. —  
For aught I know, to brother John  
She may be talking yet.

S. S. F.

## ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL.

[Continued from page 44.]

*Sunday, April 17th.*—This morning dear little Eva was baptized in church. We all gathered round to kiss the darling, while mother dressed her, and named her Engel, meaning angel, because she looked so much like one. She was full of frolic; a gentleman in the next pew gave her a rose, which she pulled to pieces, and kept showing the leaves round to all of us; but when she was taken out into the broad aisle of the dark looking church, I was so afraid she would cry, that I almost cried myself. But she did not, she took hold of Mr. Erniste's surplice while he was praying, and looked up into his face and talked. When he touched her forehead with the water, she laughed, but very softly. She has been so sweet and beautiful all day, that we wished she had been baptized Engel. But no matter, Eva is pretty enough.

*Thursday, 21st.*—I have had what mother calls a cloudy day, but I call it a stormy one. Nothing went well at school, and I was hungry and tired when I came home. Brother Percy was playing in the front yard, and he snatched my clean cape-bonnet from my hand, and kept throwing it up to catch. Then he and Charlie Lee laughed at me for being cross. I was cross, for I began to cry, and took Percy's cap and threw it over the fence into some mud. Then they went into our baby-house, and took the dolls, that were married the other day, and tied the bride up in the pigeon-house, for solitary confinement, they said. George said he would get her for me, and I was just thinking I *would* be pleasant, when I saw them putting the bridegroom, with his white wedding pantaloons,

into the mud puddle. They said it wouldn't hurt him because he was on *stilts*, and Emily came out and laughed so, that it made me more angry still; so angry that even mother could not comfort me; — she led me up into my room, to think myself quiet again. It seemed to me very unkind, and I thought I would cry just as long as I could, and never be happy again, then they would be sorry for treating me so. Mrs. Howe tells the girls sometimes to cry until all the wrong feelings are washed out of their hearts. I did so; for when the anger was gone, the sorrow came, and for that I cried the more. I was just reading in my Sunday School Hymn Book, and trying to stop my tears when mother looked in, but went straight away again. She thought I wasn't sorry, but I was. I studied, "When for some little insult given, my angry passions rise," and all that hymn seemed to me more beautiful than ever. I read, "Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour, once became a child like me," and that made me cry too, but it was beautiful. I ought to love Percy just as much as I did before, *but I don't*. If he would say he was sorry I should, — but he does n't seem to care anything about it. I did not go to school this afternoon. Mother took me out with her; but I am glad it is bed time, for I do not like to think of such a day.

*Saturday, 23d.*—Ella came to call me for a walk. She said that her mother sent her, because she had been sewing so much. When I am with Ella I am almost always serious, because I like to be just as she is. We walked by the church yard, but it was too wet to go in, — and we talked about our good resolutions. She told me that her sister Bessie called her very selfish and disobliging — because she would not stop to

button her glove for her — when she thought she should be late at school, — but I did not tell Ella about my bad day. I thought of the hymns, and somehow I did not like to talk about them even with her. I should like to be Ella's twin sister and dress just like her. Nobody says she is pretty, but she always looks so to me.

*Sunday, 24th.*—Miss Everett talked with us about Heaven, and asked us each what we should wish to make us happy there. Emma Howard said “a dove,” —Lizzie said “birds,”—Hattie,—“good little girls,” Ella thought she should like goodness most—and I thought I should want all. Then Miss E —, read us a piece of poetry about Heaven, which we liked. — The children in that story wished for almost the same things we did.

*Wednesday, 27th.*—Father gave us a lecture last evening, about early rising and the spring time. He said he was going to put something in the summer-house every morning for the three children who were there first. The first one could have the first choice. This morning May was earliest, — and chose a bunch of fresh violets. George next, and found one of father's sweet golden apples; he always keeps the best of those hidden away for us until spring. Emily found a paper of sweet pea seeds for her garden. I was too late for any thing but the “baby bath,” — as Eddie calls it. When I laughed so much at their funny play, and saw them look so very lovely in their clean frocks and aprons, mother said — “Well Annie, don't you think we have had the sweetest pleasure?” After breakfast though, George and May, took the apple and the violets, and carried them to Grace Erniste who



is sick. Mother saw how serious I looked and said —  
“ Yes, dear, their pleasure is sweetest after all.”

*Saturday, 30th.*—We are making little gardens and strawberry fields in the school-yard. Some of the girls have pretty little fences with gates around theirs — and Percy has promised to make me one. We jump rope and have fine times now at school, — all but Emily Bond. Yesterday afternoon, she sat down on the steps at recess and cried. We all begged to know the matter, but she wouldn't tell. I like Mrs. Howe, but I don't think she is kind to Emily. She always looks so serious and finds fault with her. But to-day she spoke very kindly to her, and I rather think Emily is trying to be more gentle and attentive in school. F. E. H.

#### MAY-DAY.

It has been said that the pleasures of Spring, among us, are rather those of anticipation, than of actual enjoyment: but I cannot think so. No one, who has a real love of Nature can help finding much to enjoy, even in our spring, from “ stormy March,” to “ smiling May.” Even in March, when the snow is scarcely off the ground, there are a thousand things to minister delight. The buds of trees, for instance, now begin to swell. With what a beautiful care are these protected from the changes of the weather, and other noxious circumstances. The buds of the Horse-chestnut are enveloped in scaly leaves, which are covered with a very sticky substance. This sheds the water, and effectually prevents any injury to the young and tender green leaves, which lie, compactly folded together, within their water-proof armor.

How pleasant it is to watch, in sunny, sheltered nooks, the tender blades of grass peeping up! Often, when a child, have I gone forth to see if there might not be *one* flower in the woods; and come home, laden with the soft, silken buds of the willow, the crimson maple, the bright, glossy winter-green, and the graceful ground-pine, together with innumerable varieties of lichens, wearing garments of various hues, from that of the modest Quakeress, to that of the gay city belle. These were all that I brought, but these were enough for me.

Then the first bird — what extacy to hear his liquid notes, and see him flitting from spray to spray! The brooklets, too, are freed from their icy fetters, and run laughing and singing on their way. The grass along their borders, soon grows fresh and green, and presently a stray dandelion shines forth, like a bright golden star, in the midst of the emerald herbage. This is a joyful sight, for it shows that the flowers have really come, and it will soon be time to search for the mild purple violet, and the little blue-eyed houstonia, in the moist pastures. The delicate anemone, too, will soon be found, hiding in the shade, and gracefully hanging on its slender stalk. Oh! the flowers are coming, and everything wears an air of beauty and gladness!

What though our spring has chilly winds, blowing from the East? Its imperfections only make us prize its real joys the more. The cold, rainy days of May, make its warm, smiling days doubly dear.

There is one rather unfortunate consequence of the difference between our spring, and that of the "old country"; which is, the unseasonableness of the first

of May, with us, for the sort of celebration which is held there. The custom of celebrating the first of May, is a very old one, and is almost universal in the northern countries of Europe, particularly in Norway and Sweden. The Swedish May-pole may be seen in every village, and on May-day, adorned with festoons of wild flowers, and surrounded by a joyful ring of young men and maidens, it is said to be a most beautiful object. The custom is often followed here; but, though many very small plants are often in flower, at this time, and though there is plenty to remind one that it is spring, yet it does seem hardly suitable to take this occasion as a flower-jubilee, when the very buds are yet in their childhood, and the flowerets are still rocked in the cradle of infancy.

But when, as sometimes happens, the weather has been warm and pleasant for several weeks, so that vegetation has received an impulse, and has rapidly advanced before the first of May, — then one may be almost sure to find a little May nosegay in our woods. Oh! one who has never felt it, cannot imagine the thrill of delight which shoots through your soul, when you catch a glimpse of the first flower of the season! It is very probably an *Anemone*; — you shout, you scream with joy. Presently another is found, then another; then a large space covered with them. Every fresh discovery causes a fresh shout of gladness. By and bye, the ground grows moist and wet; — you have no overshoes, but you see afar off, in the midst of a quagmire, a graceful, nodding flower, which you recognize, even at a distance, as the Dog's tooth violet. You would go through fire and water to get it; so, through water, ankle-deep, you accordingly go, leaping

and splashing from one deceitful mound of moss to another. At last you reach it, and well paid do you think yourself for your labor, by the sight of its delicate fawn-colored corolla, streaked with dark purple. You reach home with wet feet, and dilapidated attire; but with a handful of beautiful wood flowers, and a glad and grateful heart.

But, (alas! for the children) May-day in this part of the country, is very often rainy, and is generally too cold for many flowers to have ventured forth, with which to deck the "Queen of the May." Yet this makes but little difference, after all. The fewer flowers there are to be found, the more those few are prized; and the thought that spring is fairly coming, and the sight of the swelling buds, fills all hearts with joy.

Notwithstanding their yearly disappointments, little parties of children go forth every May-day, fully expecting to find some dog's tooth violets, star flowers and anemones, and almost as regularly return, with enormous bunches of every green thing they have been able to lay their hands upon, — but no flowers! But what though their friends do laugh at them, when they come home; what care they? I dare say, — indeed I know, from experience, that they are just as happy as if they had found the ground enamelled with flowers of the most brilliant hues. They have had their love of Nature quickened; — they have found that every little green leaf is beautiful, that it bears the impress of His hand, who made it for some purpose; and that child must be thoughtless indeed, or must have very obtuse feelings, whose mind is not thus elevated, and raised "from Nature, up to Nature's God."

F. S. A.





